

THE OMEN



The Omen

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Lauren Ryder.....Shakin' Boo-Tay

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Dario Sabatini

"Yo' mother got cold nipples"
-Flavor Flav

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?



The State of Campus Literature

Hello, kids! I'm back, on the attack, and smoking some crack, and chomping at the bit to write this editorial. The topic: Hampshire publications, four in particular. These would be two existing ones, The Omen and The Phoenix, and two up and coming ones, Detritus and Synaesthesia.

1) The Omen versus The Phoenix. Just in case you were wondering, I recieve a lot of flak from a wide variety of people about The Omen (being the Managing Editor, it comes with the job). The major complaint I recieve is about the lack of "actual news" and the abundance of opinion pieces. Here's the deal: The Omen is to a community voice, what The Phoenix is to community events. From time to time we have news, and they have commentary, that's correct, but neither of those things (overtime) have been a regular feature. I have not been happy with this. As a matter of fact, I've been trying whenever I can to assemble a news section, which we are a step closer to with Stephanie Cole's new Watchtower section.

In Dario Sabatini's article this week, he takes a stab at me pertaining to my "far from serious" reputation (for The Omen, and in general), and it's truly deserved. On the other hand, I'm working on it. I would like to

make The Omen as successful as I can around here.

As far as the opinions go, yes we print a lot of "what people think" around here, and there's absolutely nothing wrong with that. The Omen is not forced upon anyone. It isn't in your mailbox every week, it's on a post office shelf and SAGA table every week (that's right, next to all the discarded Phoenixes), or delivered onto a folder on your hall if you live in a dorm. It is there for you to take and look at (poke fun at, burn, etc.) or leave alone. By this point in time, you should realize the basic form and content of The Omen, and if you don't like it, don't read it. If you want to flip through it and see if we have anything "news-like", go for it, like I said, I'm working on it. Otherwise, either just accept it for whatever it is to you or stop whining. The good thing is if you're whining about it, at least you're reading it, and thank you for that.

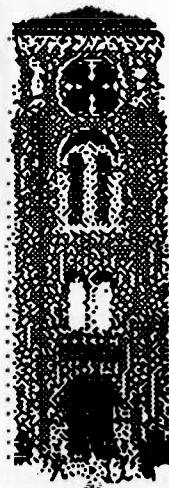
Actually, most of my "quality time" (and "quantity time") has been going to putting The Omen "online". Right now it's under my personal account (<http://hamp.hampshire.edu/~jblf93/index.html>), but I hope to make it identifiable in-and-of itself. This way, no matter how late Duplications is, or whatever other distri-

bution problems we're having, you can always see The Omen every Friday, the day that we officially come out.

2) Detritus versus Synaesthesia. As I said before, these are two developing publications. In comparison financially, Detritus is funded out of the pockets of three students, Matthew Flaming, Jason LaCorte, and Sara Gaiser, and Synaesthesia is funded by the ever-affluent Women's Center. In comparison technically, Detritus will accept literary submissions about anything, fiction, or non-fiction, from anyone, disregarding gender, and Synaesthesia will accept any type of submission, as long as the contributor is female.

What I don't understand is, on a campus where the female to male ratio is 65 to 35, why is it so necessary to have another male-exclusive magazine. There always seems to be quite a few floating around. It just seems that the Women's Center (once again) has too much time and money, especially money (you can investigate this at the Community Council's office), and is looking for an easy way to spend it so they can get a similar amount next semester by abusing all of cam-

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THE WATCHTOWER

It's Democracy, Stupid

So that rag of a newspaper, The Omen, has decided to create a "political commentary" column inviting any student to submit his/her opinion. Of course my first reaction was disdain, could this publication actually be getting serious? Na, there is no way a newspaper headed by Jon Land would ever attempt anything important, yet alone serious. I was impressed though and decided to take up Stephanie Cole on her offer to print any article submitted to "The Watchtower".

Unless you have been living in a cave, which might not be a bad idea at this point in time, it has been hard to avoid all the press given to the "Republican sweep" in last November's election. Sure that lion of the liberal left Ted "gin-blossom" Kennedy was re-elected to his 100th term in the Senate. And Olly North, (the second greatest hero of this country next to the pilot of the Enola Gay) couldn't quite dupe those Virginia rednecks into making him their senator. A lot of scary people though, were voted into Congress by an American public who have been categorized, for lack of a better word, as "angry". Political analysts have been ranting and raving non-stop explaining how Mr. and Mrs. Joe

Smith from main street U.S.A. are just fed up with the way business is done in Washington. They are tired of those "career" politicians who have never held a real job their entire lives and live off the sweat of everyday Americans. God-damn it they are pissed!!! To all the American people out there who feel as though they have been duped by politicians, I have two words "FUCK YOU".

The problem is not with Newt "giraffe" Gingrich, Bob "the one-armed bandit" Dole, or Bill "god-damn my daughters ugly" Clinton, it's with the American public!!!! The whole system of Democracy is bankrupt, it does not work. By this point in the article you're probably thinking I am some raving Marxist who wants to see every man, woman and child embrace the principles of Das Capital. But I think Marxism sucks too.

Over two hundred years ago, some really old white guys from England, came up with the absurd notion that every (white) citizen of America had the right to elect their leaders. To put it in modern day terms, every individual from the brain surgeon, who holds a Ph.D. in Political Science and 17th century romance classics, all the way down to the peanut farmer who never got out of nursery school has the "right" to vote. Did anyone at all

stop to think how stupid a notion this really is? Sure "safety-valves" have been developed to make sure Mickey Mouse doesn't get elected President or that we don't start a war with Canada; but when you are dealing with the average American the notion of a Walt Disney character as President is not such a far fetched idea.

Before I get any further into my argument I think it's time that I classified myself in terms of political "orientation". I am your run of the mill Northeastern "bleeding heart" political-elitist, who Newt Gingrich wants to flog with a piece of wet steak. It is only after many years of watching and examining the political landscape, that I have reached the conclusion that democracy is the most absurd governing system ever created.

Average American citizens have no right to decide what laws this country enacts, what wars this country fights and what social programs this country decides to spend it's money on. When a inbred, hillbilly like Gingrich assumes the speakership of the House of Representatives and begins to put forth draconian bills, Mr. and Mrs. Jones start complaining again. They whine that they had no idea about the "Contract on, I mean, with America" they just wanted a

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Yo, Dumbass. D-E-M-O-C-R-A-C-Y!

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change. They heard on The Rush "Shamu" Limbaugh show that the Democrats want to free all inmates on death row and force all hard, working Americans to give their money to poor, drug addicts. Now there's a good chance that their social security checks will stop coming. WAHHHHH!!!!. Again "Fuck You". I have no sympathy for Mr. + Mrs. Jones and truly hope that Bob Dole sticks it to them long and hard. You pissed about Clinton's policy on gays in the military? Think he backed down when Gingrich starting arguing that gay soldiers would demoralize ranks? Again, tough. The real reason why Clinton backed down, was not because he thought it was the right thing to do, but rather because he heard the message "from America" and it didn't sound good. If Clinton had lifted the ban on homosexuals (his original intention), there would of been a good chance of him being impeached. I don't know about you, but I have no desire to be involved in a country whose "voice" is so full of mis-information and hatred.

So right about now you're thinking, "it's easy to complain. The hard part is coming up with alternatives. "Alternatives you want? Alternatives you'll get. I still believe that there is a small section of this population who are decent human beings and who realize simple-minded propaganda might get you elected Presi-

dent of the United States, but won't solve the real problems of this country. First we do away with The Constitution, Congress, the Presidency and the Supreme court. These are all bankrupt institutions that should never of been created in the first place. We replace these institutions with a series of governing councils. There would be a council of economics, a council of social policy, a council of education etc. On

each council would sit roughly ten to twelve individuals of both sexes and every race, religion, creed and sexual-orientation. These individuals would have to be college-educated, morally sound and free of any belief that sections of the population i.e. homosexuals, African-Americans, immigrants are responsible for this "great" countries down-

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Life's a Bytch

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pus.

First of all, if you are going to ask for submissions for a female magazine via campus mail, please don't send it to males, since they obviously can't be involved. I recieved one, just as I assume everyone else did, so please take the time next time (and I'm sure there will be a next time) to see that it arrives to the proper mailboxes.

Second of all, outside Hampshire, there is definitely more of a need to establish women's rights and concerns, but here it seems to be preaching to the converted. On a generally well-informed campus with the large majority being women, there is hardly a point about overkill such as this. If you can't handle existing with the female to male ratio here (which is much better at Hampshire, than the "outside world"), there are two colleges in the area I could suggest

for you, where you can attempt to hide from men.

Finally, Is there something wrong with the male species' literary contributions to society. I get the impression that the same type of people who produce Synaesthesia are the same type of people who believe that men's literary contributions only involve fucking women, and talking about penis size. As fun and enlightening as that would be, that's not the case. Synaesthesia appears to be a slumber party-turned-magazine with no boys invited because Mom and Dad are going to be home.

Well that's it for this week kids, please check out The Omen (Online), and please, if you are going to submit anything to a literary magazine, make sure it's Detritus, so everyone on campus can participate, and feel welcome reading it. Thank you.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Omen

SECTION HATE

Sprechen Sie Polack?

"Ich bin ein Berliner?" Ich glaube das nicht, Herr Kennedy. Du bist Eselchen. Aber was fuer Sinn steht hinter diesem Satz? Wenn ich es sagen muss, denn sage ich nichts.

Nun, um zu etwas besser sagen, lassen Sie mir ueber Reckless Eric sprechen. Er ist auch Eselchen, aber er ist sehr guter Musiker. Herr Kennedy war nicht Musiker, aber er war Praesident. Herr Eric lebt noch; Kennedy ist

tot, aber er konnte 'cash' buchstabieren. Was ist die Pointe? Ich weiß das nicht, aber bald werde ich ein en Leitartikel.

Warum schreibe ich ihn auf Deutsch (sehr schlechtes Deutsch)? Wir haben einen anderen Streit. Wem meines Deutsch korrigieren kann wuerde seinen Name auf 72-Punkte Type sehen. Ooh-la-la. Also habe ich mehrere Fehler eingeschlossen, um Ihnen zu korrigieren. Machen

Sie es schnell, und machen Sie es gut, weil ich eine strenge Geliebte.

Mysle, ze jestecie glupie; nikt to bedzie czytac. Ale czy ktos ten tekst czyta, wtedy bede jesc kapuste.

Ned Flanders mi sie podoba. Jest bardzo zabawny. Hampshire College nie jest zabawny. To jest bardzo drogi. Ktokolwiek jest dupa. Tu jest nienawistny.- Aaron Mulvany

Did You Hear Me, Corky?

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fall. These would not be elected positions, and once a person is chosen they can serve for life. A successor is hand-picked by the person he/she is replacing, this would avoid any possibility of having for example; a former light-bulb salesman (I am not lying) like Ronald Reagan or general all-around buffoon like Sonny Bono as national leaders.

All fifty states, and Puerto Rico, would have representatives to each council. Similar to the present day system, the number of representatives would be based on the population of the state. These reps. could not vote though, they simply report to the larger councils. These councils would basically be responsible for the laws of the land and their implementation. Minor details still need

to be worked out, but already it is apparent that a system like this would not have to deal with the American public. Instead of doing what's popular, they will do what's right. Crackpots in groups like the Christian Coalition can either stuff it, or be forced to move to Georgia and live with Newt and Jimmy Carter.

Sure some might call this elitist, autocratic, or down right fascist. I call it solving the real problem of this country. Americans are a lower-breed of species. If you want to see what this country really is made of, go down to you local Ponderosa restaurant. Hey!, there's one on King St. in Noho. Do what me and several friends did; order the all you can eat, sixty item dinner bar and begin to feed your face. One important thing though, while

you're deciding whether or not to go for another helping of that tasty ambrosia salad, make sure to look at the other people in the restaurant. Take a good loooooong look around and then ask yourself, "Do I really want these people deciding who will be the next President of the United States?" I think that should erase any doubt you might of had after reading this "commentary". And what would an article on the American political wasteland be without one quote from the "ole gipper" himself; Ronald Reagan. This beauty comes from a 1985 interview with the Prez, let it filter into your brain and rot.

"This generation may be the one that will face Armageddon." Cheers.

Dario Sabatini

Give Me Some Hints, Prince

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not neces-

Notes From Limboland

sarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter, the author himself - he might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, wakka wakka wakka! Now get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

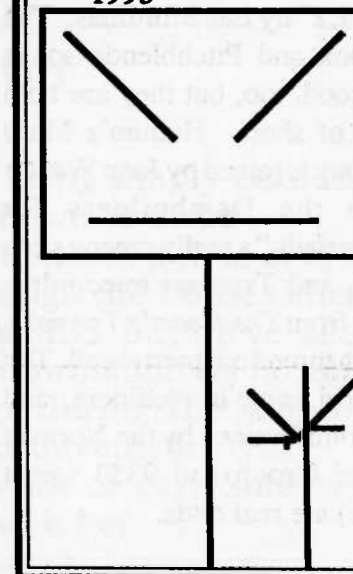
Okay kids welcome back to Limboland and I have absolutely no idea what to write about this week I mean I'm drawing a complete blank there doesn't seem to be anything of any great import happening on this campus right now except the whole logo thing which I've already written about twice and I'm getting kind of bored with it there's only so much you can write about some stupid blocks arranged in the pattern of an H or 1=1 take your goddamn pick and I don't want to write about the Yurt 'cause that topic's been beaten to death and besides it looks like the Yurt is straggling its way toward completion which is beyond all of our wildest expectations and whatever happened to the pet ban hubub it just disappeared faded out is probably more accurate without even a whimper it went away and I still don't see pets roaming about this campus legally that is so why

isn't anything happening on this campus I mean this has been a slow news year in terms of campus politics et al. no real controversy anymore except the logo goddamit can't you people come up with something good to complain about no I don't really mean that maybe y'all are concentrating harder on your work now speaking of work that's exactly what I should be doing but I'm not I'm writing this stupid article I know alot of you out there think its stupid I've read your email thanks for responding at least some constructive comments would be helpful but hell I can't ask for miracles now can I and I'm writing about not knowing what to write about which seems kind of silly actually very silly but I'll get over it I've done sillier things like that thing with the elephants and a hundred pounds of margarine but we won't get into that here to tell the truth this whole column this week seems stupid I mean writing in total stream of consciousness without any punctuation marks or paragraph breaks or anything that's got to be annoying fuck it just more fuel for the critics' fire listen to me I'm talking like I'm the most important thing in the world which I most definitely am not hell I'm just a theatre fuck and my life is probably going to amount to nothing I'll probably end up working in restaurants or worse yet sub shops for the rest of my godforsaken life which would be just ducky peachy keen I'll be

living the American dream working for minimum wage hoping for good tips willing to sell my soul to the devil for just one good role in just one good movie but then again some people that I know would argue with the it would not be possible for me to sell my soul to the devil because there is no soul and there most definitely is no devil oh well the debate rages on I suppose and by God I think I've got to put a stop to this so if you've made it this far bless you and come on back next week for more pointless and indeed they are pointless this week ramblings and if you anything to say to me about this week's or any other week's column I'm at extension 5225 I live at E-306 my box is 21 and my email address is jobF92@hamp so remember kiddies keep your feet on the ground but keep reaching for the stars thppth

Josh Brassard

Red Menace:
Jonathan Land,
1995





MUSIC

Three CD Reviews, a la Ben

I have three cds to review this week. They are the **WGNS Gots no Station Compilation**, **Flying Suit** by the **Mommyheads**, and **Mirror Repair** by **Gastr del Sol**.

WGNS Gots no Station Compilation (wgnsrecordings). WGNS is not a radio station, it's a recording studio run by Geoff Turner and Charles Bennington, two of the most popular studio engineers in Washington D.C. They are really hot right now, as the bands who record there (some of whom are featured on this disc) prove: Las Mordidas (ex-Circus Lupus), Eggs, Jawbox, Pitchblende, Helium, Severin, Sweetie, Edsel, Norman Mayer Group, Tsunami, and 9353.

The standout songs on this lp/cd are Eggs' bitchin version of "Evanston," from *Exploder*, Edsel's "Flywheel," and "1,2,1,2" by Las Mordidas. The Jawbox and Pitchblende songs are good, too, but they are both kind of short. Helium's Mary Timony is joined by Joan Wasser from the Dambuilders for "Superball," a really creepy slow song, and Tsunami rerecords a song from *The Heart's Tremolo*, which turned out pretty well. The Severin song is mediocre, and the contributions by the Norman Mayer Group and 9353 (great name) are real duds.

If you are into the D.C. punk/noise scene, you'll really enjoy this cd. If you're not, it's still a really good introduction to some great bands.

The Mommyheads- "Flying Suit" (dromedary). Holy Pop. This is about as pop as you will ever find. Stuff that is this poppy isn't really my cup of tea, but I there was no way I could dislike this short album (8 songs, 25 minutes).

All the songs are really strong, with a great sense of dynamics and mood. Adam Cohen, the lead vocalist, can really sing, like on "Spiders" and "Annabelle Ann," which screams the Beatles. Great lyrics—"...love was created to explain things that should not be explained" "The day you were born/they dipped you in the water/just to see if your soul would leak"—are all over this album.

In my opinion, the best song on the album, by far, is "Bottom Out," a ditty about middle school love and all the doubt and self-hate that accompanies it. The chorus goes, "Half-way to your house/I gave in to doubt/and I'm trying not to bottom out/yeah, I'm trying not to bottom out." A bitchin electric piano solo ends the song. I hate to make such a bold statement, but "Bottom Out" is probably the

best pop song I've ever heard, despite the cutesy vocals.

Buy this album, if only to hear "Bottom Out"....

Gastr del Sol- "Mirror Repair" (drag city). Going from something as conventional as the Mommyheads to the experimental duo of Gastr del Sol causes some serious culture shock. While the former stays within the norms of rhythm and structure, Gastr is all about breaking those conventions. This is David Grubbs' (ex-Bastro) newest project, and he teams up with composer/guitarist Jim O'Rourke to create some weird-ass shit.

Almost all of the music on the cd is comprised of acoustic guitar and piano, with some bass clarinet on "eight corners," and electric guitar on "Dictionary of Handwriting." John McEntire lends a hand on percussion on "Dictionary" and "Mirror Repair."

It's hard to review a record like this, but I will tell you that I loved it. The two songs I mentioned above, "eight corners" and "Dictionary..." were my favorites—long, rambling piano/guitar soundscapes. Check out their other releases, *Crookt*, *Crackt*, or *Fly* on Drag City, and another e.p. on Teenbeat which I can't remember the name of.

Ben Piekut

Saturday Night Live... Boy It Sucks

Uhm...can we have your liver? Now I dig ER as much as the next guy, but to start off this show with the cheap antics of squirting blood and cow sized organs just made no sense to me. It was a lot funnier when I saw it in Monty Python's "The Meaning of Life." Besides, that was such a nice silk tie. Next, two words: anal warts. Now if the taxi cab skit had been really hilarious I wouldn't of minded, but as I've learned from watching S.N.L. sometimes repetition just isn't funny. Especially when you are trying to enjoy a calzone from Pinnocchio's and you're bombarded by the words anal warts about thirty times.

My old guitar teacher once told me that if you play bass or guitar, your instrument becomes an extension of your shlong. The lead singer from the Cranberries was playing a very,

very big guitar last night. I don't really know what that means, but it scares me. At least a small effort was made to salvage the show during the weekend update, Kevin Nealon kept displaying random pictures of Pamela Anderson. But it would have been a lot more tactful if they had gotten the real thing. I know for a fact that she's on vacation from Baywatch for at least a week.

Whoever casted the people to imitate the characters of ER for that waiting room skit will not have to worry about job security when the show goes under. But as far as that cowboy skit or whatever that was I couldn't tell you cause I dozed off in my chair. Only to be awakened by the shrill squeals of a Cranberries lead vocalist who probably sounded a lot better in the studio with the help of voice modulators.

I conquer with Adam Sandler in the next to last skit, "Dear Lord give me the strength...Somebody kill me."

Although Chris Farley does make an even better ugly fat woman than an ugly fat. Not even a Kid's in the Hall skit could save this week's Saturday Night Live.

Fat, white men are funny. Fat white men covered in egg substitute suck. And it only gets worse. The American Express commercial with Jerry Sienfeld in it was the funniest thing all night. I missed half the show staring out the window hoping to see some drunken people vomiting, which is actually amusing, as opposed to last night's show. In brief, last night was a great time to get that paper done or catch up on your beauty sleep

Drew Mansell
Mike Robinson.

On Coverage This Weekend:

Ben Sanders, x2106
Lauren Ryder, x2106

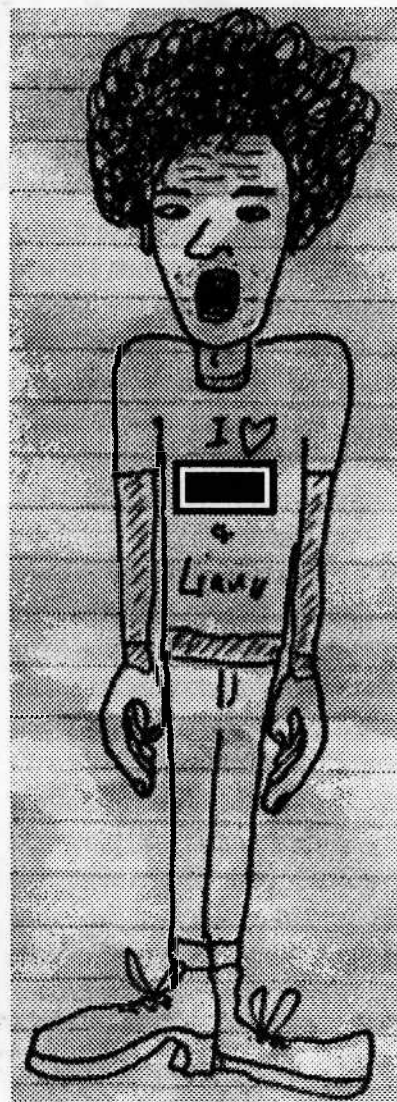
Why call someone who cares about your well being simply because they are paid for it? Don't trust your mental breakdown to those emotional whores. Do you really want to call your intern in a time of crisis? While you're out on a ledge, they're rummaging through the House Office refrigerator. That's why you need us. We're are not SIDS, but we've seen a lot of them. If you get locked out of Dakin, need information on housing or just want someone to talk to, give us a call (Except during The Simpsons, Melrose Place, 90210, or any other time we deem inconvenient). We specialize in interventions (We've only lost three in our career). Sure, we do not have any type of "training", but how hard can it be?

Offensive Art From No One Associated With the Omen

This little plea for cash from the Bureau for Exceptional Children (Below) was discovered at the R&P "Package" Store right outside of Camp Hamp. It is totally real, and totally un-doctored.

(But I wish I did it)

Thanks, obtainer of this who doesn't wish to be acknowledged.



Here's Julian Montague's caricature of myself, drawn in attempt to criticize me as I criticize others (although I've never drawn a caricature of anyone I know). This photo has been censored just so Julian won't be thought of as a "bad guy". Thanks, Julian.
